



The Absorb-
ing Life Dream
of Little Danny
Maher, Jockey,
'Who Does Not
Drink, Smoke Nor
Gamble, and Gives
All His Earnings to
His Mother.

AMBITIOUS little Danny Maher, jockey, astride the swift steed Ambition, is riding the race of his life to outstrip the princely and splendid champion of all jockeys, Mr. Tod Sloane.

That is the absorbing dream of his life.

With the whip of hope and the spurs of desire Danny Maher is lashing his horse along the race tracks of America and striving to pass under the wire of popular approval the superior of the boy who not so very long ago held English throngs spellbound with his marvellous riding and moved the Prince of Wales and the ladies of Queen Victoria's Court to wild applause.

For the first time in several years Tod Sloane's claim to the championship is threatened, and his rival has come bounding to the front from the very midst of the flying hoofs of American race horses.

No less than a week ago Sloane's rival beat the world's record for a day's winning mounts by bringing five horses under the wire ahead at the Brighton Beach track, and the wise ones and the talent viewed the performance with wonder and awe, suddenly recalling that the achievement was the work of the same youngster who within the last twenty-nine days has ridden fifty-eight winners.

Slowly, but surely, Danny Maher, aged sixteen, weight ninety-three pounds, is galloping past the heretofore invincible Tod, and the world need not be amazed if within a few short weeks another champion mounts the pedestal of fame and sets the pace.

Maher's recent performances have astonished the oldest racing men in the country, and his letter to the Journal, in which he tells about himself, will be read all over the world. It is a simple and yet comprehensive view of the now famous boy as he appears to himself.

HOW I BECAME A JOCKEY, AND HOW I RIDE.

By DANNY MAHER.

Editor New York Journal:

My one ambition is to beat Tod Sloane.

That is the reason I am a jockey to-day. When I have proven that I excel him as a rider of race horses and that I am his acknowledged superior, then I will have accomplished all that I have been striving for on the American turf.

My reason for citing Sloane is that I consider him the best jockey alive to-day. He is a natural jockey, and possesses all the elements in his composition to make him the man he is. I have followed his style and his system as nearly as possible, and what good results I have been able to maintain are due to his matchless methods.

There is a great difference between us, however; a difference that comes with years. He is four years my senior, and was riding when I was a mere child. He has lived in reality about twice as long as I have, and has already seen more than I am likely to see in my whole life time.

I was born in Hartford, Conn., and am related to Mr. Mike Daly, whose wife is my aunt. I always call him Uncle Mike, and he has given me most of the good advice I have received in my life. We always agreed that Sloane was the real thing, and he showed me how to do it.

The first time that he put me on a horse was in 1891, when he was bringing some horses down Fifth avenue, en route to the Merchantville track. I was nine years of age, and weighed thirty-two pounds. A great throng of people followed us. It was a strange sight to them to see such a midget on a race horse. In a very short time he began to put me through the stunts, and devised all sorts of bits and reins so arranged that I could control my horse. I was old enough to understand, but not very strong. The Mike Daly bit was the outgrowth of my frailty. He also invented some reins that went from the bit ring down to the cinch, on and over a pulley block, back to the bit ring again and from there up to my hands. When I wanted to hold my horse in I simply pulled his head right down and back and he had to stop. I could have stepped an elephant with those reins.

"Dan," said Uncle Mike to me, when I began, "never let go of a horse's head.



HOW DANNY MAHER LIVES.

Weights 93 pounds.
Aged 16.
Never drinks.
Never smokes.
Never gambles.
Never out of the United States.
Sends his money home.
No valet.
Wears plain clothes.
Likes bacon and eggs.
Reticent and boyish.
Won 89 races this season.

HOW TOD SLOANE LIVES.

Weights 95 pounds.
Aged 20 years.
Drinks.
Smokes.
Gambles.
Travels.
Worth \$100,000.
Keeps valet.
Has ninety suits.
Likes terrapin and champagne.
Man of the world.
Won 81 races this season.

Always keep the reins on him. That is the most important thing of all, my boy. The instant you release your absolute power over a horse he is likely to conduct things his own way and you cease to be his master."

He impressed upon me the necessity for riding with the knees bent up. The way he explained it was, that if a man lit on his feet stiff-legged he would jar himself and also the floor, whereas if he bent his knees there would be a less jar. He made it very clear by saying that it might break a spring in a wagon to load it up with a ton of coal and then drive over a rut. The coal being almost dead weight, would jar the vehicle. But if the same wagon went over the same rut with twenty-five hundred pounds of hay, it would not suffer at all, as the hay would give with the shock and exercise its elasticity. It's the same way with a jockey. He has got to have elasticity to save his horse. Sloane's stirrups are about an inch shorter than mine. But I ride a trifle higher in my upper body than he does. He presents a convex back while mine is concave, something like the sketch I send you.

When Tod went out to California after his return from England he rode several races with long straight stirrups, and a jockey out there was beating him badly. The next thing Tod did was to hitch up his stirrups and get his knees right up under his chin. Then he began to win.

Uncle Mike put me on to all those things and taught me to hold my position in a race until it was time to get down to the finish. If I was behind in a start, and the horse ahead of me was likely to get to the half in 9:40, I would not try to get there with him, as it would perhaps be necessary for me to make the distance in 9:48. Then at the finish I would have to send my mount along in another struggle, and the two might perhaps be too much for the beast. But save it up for the stretch and get the results of one good effort. I find it pays every time.

Uncle Bill Daly wants the lead all the time, and that is the reason in my judgment why he has lost so many races this year. But that is Bill's business and not mine.

One thing that has given me plenty of confidence, is Uncle Mike's kindness to me. Never in my life has he whipped me. All he does is talk, and it hurts a good deal more than a trouncing. I would prefer to get a little thumping than to be told that I am wrong. But Uncle Mike takes more stock in lectures than in the birch. And it hits me a good deal harder.

He never lets me sleep in the stable, like some of the jockies, and I never drink or smoke. I was small to begin with, and never had to train to keep light. When I get my growth Uncle Mike tells me that I will never weigh over 120 pounds, and that I will be able to ride as long as I can handle the reins.

I don't believe in knocking around and mixing up with the crowd that is always willing to wine and dine a successful jockey. Most of the money I make I send to my parents in Hartford, keeping what I need for my own wants, which are not many.

The first regular race meet I ever rode in was in Providence in 1893. Mr. Francis Trevelyan, the Journal's turf writer, got me my license. I hope he does not regret it. I mean to keep on improving right along, and if there is anything more to learn I guess Uncle Mike can teach it to me. I want to be the champion jockey of the world, and as Uncle Mike says I will be some day, I propose to stick to it.

Always keep in mind that my ambition is to beat Tod Sloane.

Very truly yours,
DANNY MAHER.